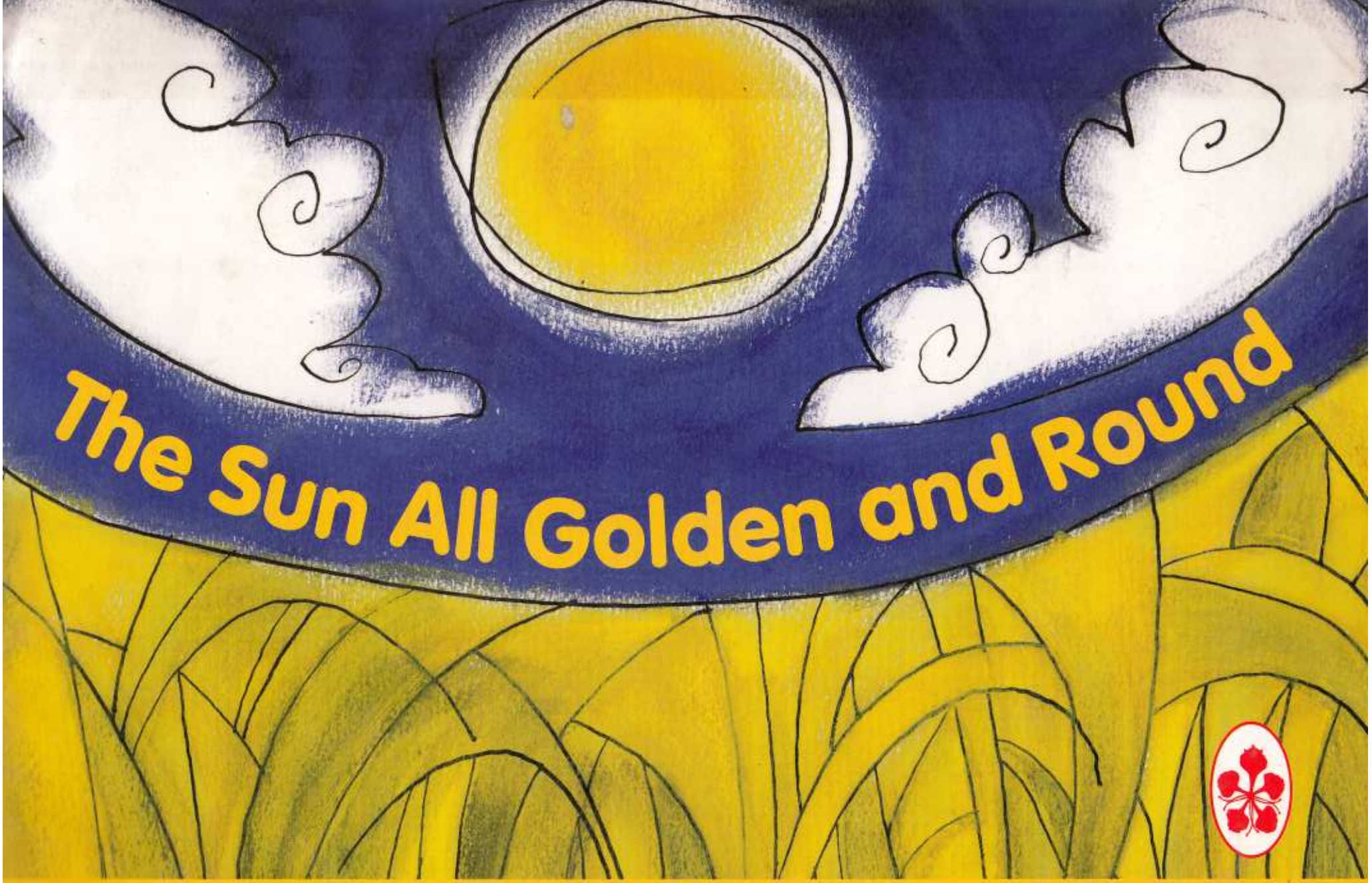

JANE SAHI

Illustrations by Harriet Mayo

The Sun All Golden and Round

Jane Sahi

Illustrated by
Harriet Mayo

Gul Mohar

GUL MOHAR
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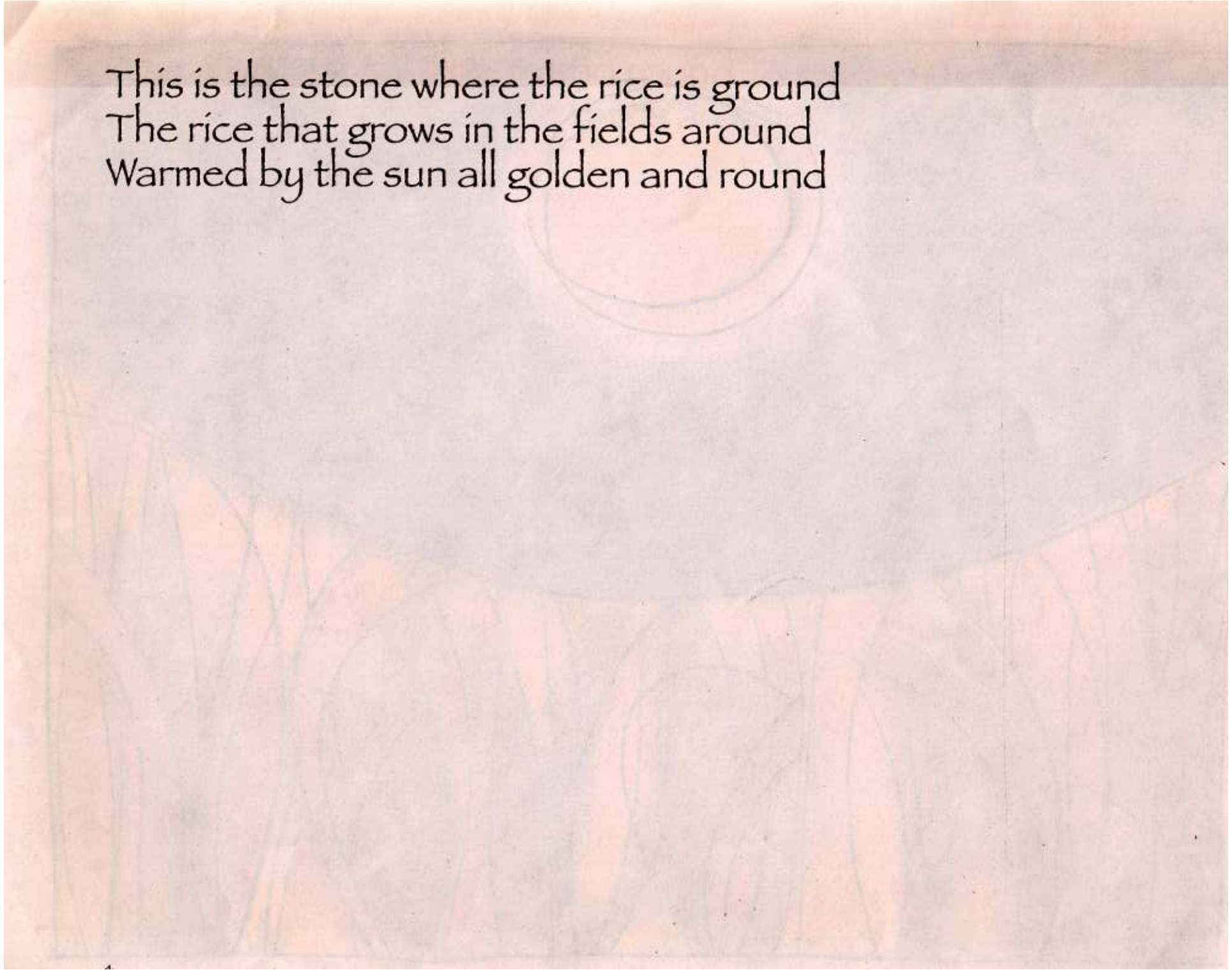
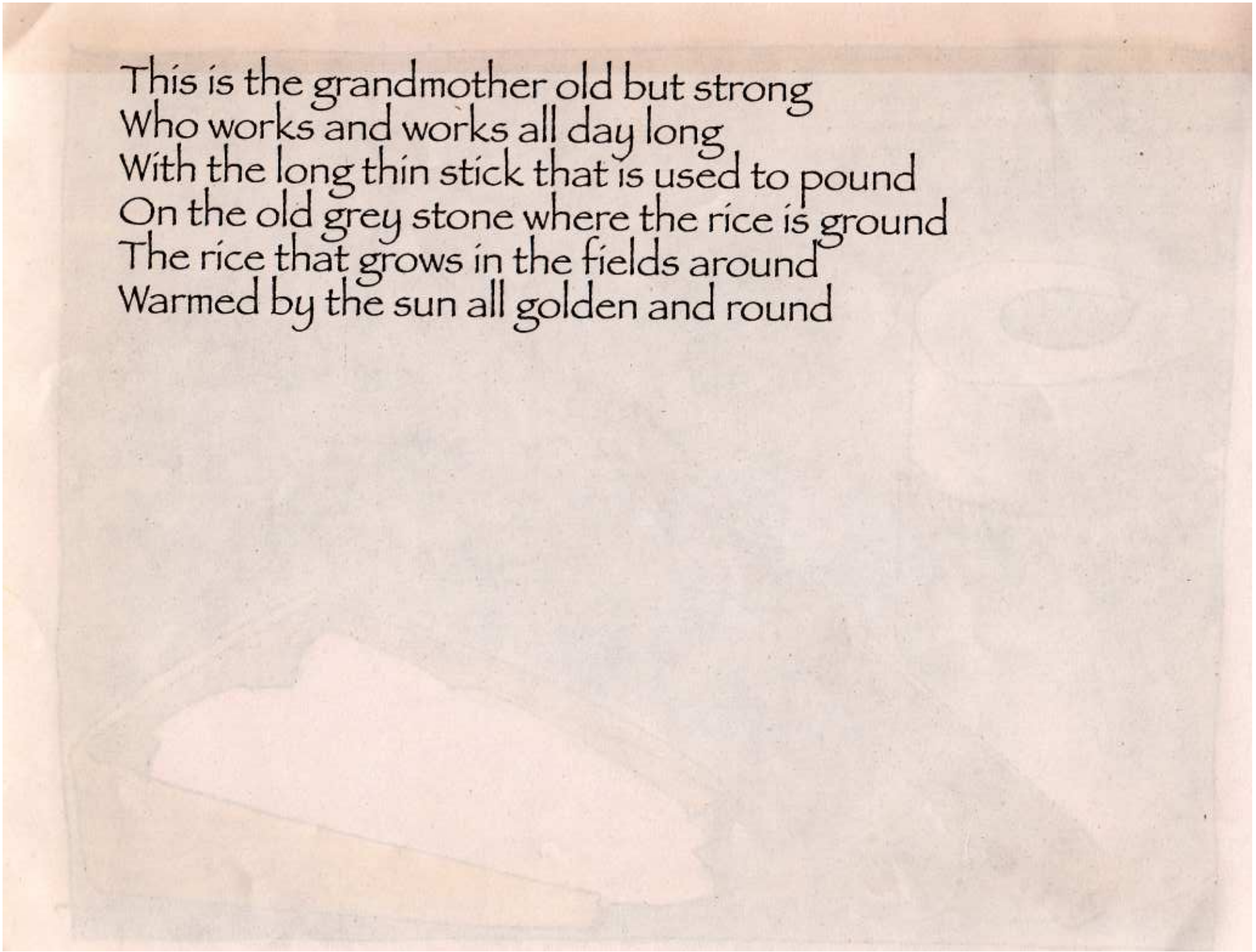
This is the sun all golden and round
That warms the rice in the fields around

This is the stone where the rice is ground
The rice that grows in the fields around
Warmed by the sun all golden and round



This is the stick that is used to pound
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground
The rice that grows in the fields around
Warmed by the sun all golden and round

This is the grandmother old but strong
Who works and works all day long
With the long thin stick that is used to pound
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground
The rice that grows in the fields around
Warmed by the sun all golden and round



This is the fist that the grandmother shook
As she gave the clouds an angry look
The clever grandmother old but strong
Who works and works all day long
With the long thin stick that is used to pound
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground
The rice that grows in the fields around
Warmed by the sun all golden and round

This is the cloud so stubborn and grey
That would not rain and would not go away
The cloud that was given an angry look
When the grandmother's fist shivered and shook
The clever grandmother old but strong
Who works and works all day long
With the long thin stick that is used to pound
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground
The rice that grows in the fields around
Warmed by the sun all golden and round

This is the thud of the stick on the cloud
The thud! thud! thud! so firm and loud
On the cloud that hung so stubborn and grey
That would not rain and would not go away
The cloud that was given an angry look
When the grandmother's fist shivered and shook
The clever grandmother old but strong
Who works and works all day long
With the long thin stick that is used to pound
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground
The rice that grows in the fields around
Warmed by the sun all golden and round

This is the rain that fell from the sky
When the cloud was hit by the stick raised high
The thud of the stick as it struck the cloud
The thud! thud !thud! so firm and loud
On the cloud that hung so stubborn and grey
That would not rain and would not go away
The cloud that was given an angry look
When the grandmother's fist shivered and shook
The clever grandmother old but strong
Who works and works all day long
With the long thin stick that is used to pound
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground
The rice that grows in the fields around
Warmed by the sun all golden and round

This is the grandmother laughing inside
Watching the rain that is pouring outside
The rain that fell from the darkened sky
When the cloud was hit by the stick raised high
The thud of the stick as it struck the cloud
The thud! thud! thud! so firm and loud
On the cloud that hung so stubborn and grey
That would not rain and would not go away
The cloud that was given an angry look
When the grandmother's fist shivered and shook
The clever grandmother old but strong
Who works and works all day long
With the long thin stick that is used to pound
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground
The rice that grows in the fields around
Warmed by the sun all golden and round

This is the rice grown green again
Watered by the showers of rain
The rain that was watched pouring outside
By the grandmother laughing dry inside
The rain that fell from the darkened sky
When the cloud was struck by the stick raised high
The thud of the hit of the stick on the cloud
The thud! thud! thud! so firm and loud
On the cloud that hung so stubborn and grey
That would not rain and would not go away
The cloud that was given an angry look
When the grandmother's fist shivered and shook
The clever grandmother old but strong
Who works and works all day long
With the long thin stick that is used to pound
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground
The rice that grows in the fields around
Warmed by the sun all golden and round

The sun is all golden and round, warming the rice in the fields around.
The grandmother is old but strong, working all day long, pounding the rice with a long thin stick on a old grey stone. Then comes the cloud stubborn and grey...

Read the story to find out what happened.

Jane Sahi works in a non-formal school in a village near Bangalore. The story that she tells in rhyme is based on a Kannada folktale. The rhythmic nature of the language used is truly apt for this story about the cycles of nature.

Harriet Mayo teaches children with special needs, in England. Her illustrations are dense in texture, with colours that are at times quiet and glowing, and at others bright and brilliant.

Cover design: Deepa Kamath

Age Group 3 to 6 years

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